THE LADY'S

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

" To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
" To raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

VOL. V.] NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1807. [NUMBER XLVII.

Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

THE FRIAR'S TALE.

(Concluded.)

I WILL not long detain you (resumed the reverend Friar) with the effect my narrative had on the dejected Albert, how he at first exclaimed, "Can there be comfort for a guilty wretch like Albert?' and eagerly ran towards the place; then moved more calmly on my representing how fatal might be a surprise to one in so dangerous a situation; and at length shrinking, as he approached the spot, and turning to me, he said, "Father, I will go no further! Heaven has ordained as a punishment for the murder I have committed, that I should become a witness to the shocking death of the poor lost Matilda; at my approach, in frantic exstacy she will quit her hold, and perish before my sight." I urged him to proceed, but it was in vain; he sat down on a bank, and was silently wrapt in an agony of irresolution, when he heard, at a little distance, the well known voice of the poor lunatic, still repeating my words, "*Albert and Matilda may yet be happy.*" Roused by the sound, he started up, and cautiously advancing, he exclaimed, "Just Heaven! fulfil those words, and let them indeed be happy."

"Matilda knew the voice, and carefully treading a path, which would have seemed impracticable to one possessed of reason, she descended from the ledge on which she sat, and approached with cautious steps: but, at the sight of Albert, she flew impetuously forward, till seeing me, she as suddenly ran back, and would have again retreated to the rock, shrieking, 'It is all illusion! it is no real Albert, and I am betrayed.' We pursued, and caught her; then finding my religious garb augmented the disorder of her mind, I withdrew, leaving only Albert to calm her needless fears.

"But no persuasion even from him could induce her to come within view of the convent gates; I provided, therefore, accommodations for her in the cottage of a labourer, at some distance; where, for many days, her delirium continued, while a fever threatened a speedy dissolution. During this period, Albert was labouring under all the anxiety which his situation could inspire; the deed he had committed sat heavy on his soul, and he dared not hope for an event, which his own guilty thought reproached him with having not deserved.

"At length the crisis the fever shewed signs of a recovery, and now his joy was without bounds, even the blood of Conrad seemed a venial crime, and he triumphed in the anticipation of a reward for all he had suffered: but this happiness was of short duration, for at that time I received a letter from the Abbess Theresa, demanding back the fugitive, whose retreat she had discovered. This requisition I knew I must obey; and giving the letter to Albert, I was going to explain the necessity of my compliance, when he burst out in bitter execrations against this and all *religious houses*; cursing their establishment as a violation of the first law of nature, which commands an intercourse betwixt the sexes.

"Having heard, with a mixture of patience, pity, and resentment, all that his rage or disappointment could suggest, I answered nearly in these words, beginning calmly, but by degrees assuming all the authority the case required: "My son, blame not the pious institutions of our holy church, sanctified by the observance of many ages; nor impiously arraign the mysterious decrees of Providence which often produces good from evil. This sacred Edifice has been consecrated like many others, by our pious ancestors, for purposes honourable to Heaven, and useful to mankind; these hospitable doors are ever open to distress; and the chief object of our care is, to discover and relieve it. This holy mansion has long been an asylum against the oppression of human laws, which drove *thee* from thy home; and, but a few days since, *thou* thyself blessed an institution which saved the wretched Matilda, perishing with madness. Nay, at this very moment its mercy shelters from the hand of justice, a murderer! yet thy presumption dares deny its general use, from thine own sense of partial inconvenience, and execrates Monastic institutions, because, by a separation of the sexes, lewdness and sensuality are checked: but know, short-sighted youth, that the world will not remain unpeopled, because a few of its members consecrate their lives to *holy meditation*; nor shall the human species become extinct, because Albert and Matilda cannot be united, to propogate a race of infidels and murderers." I stopped, for I perceived the gentle Albert was touched with my rebuke; and, falling on his knees, he cried, in the pathetic words of Scripture, "Father! I have

sinned against Heaven, and in thy sight." It is enough, my son, I replied, and now I will compassionate your situation; I will do more, for though I cannot detain Matilda longer than till she is well enough to be removed; yet in that time (if Heaven approve my endeavours) I may contribute to your happiness, by interceding with her father, and should I fail in the attempt, this roof, which thy hasty passion has profaned, shall yet be a refuge to thee from despair; and I will strive to raise thy thoughts above the trifling disappointments of a transitory world.

'I could not wait the reply of Albert, said the Prior, being at this time called out to welcome the arrival of a stranger, who they said was dangerously ill; this proved to be no other than the wounded Conrad. He, in a few words, explained the motives of his visit, telling me that immediately after the recounter, dreading *that awful presence in which no secret is concealed*, and to which he apprehended he was summoned by his own sword in the injured hand of Albert, he had vowed (if Heaven would grant him life) to repair the wrongs he had committed. He had already executed a deed, resigning all the fortune of her father in favor of Matilda; he had declared his guilty commerce with Theresa, that she might repent, or suffer punishment; he had paid all the debts of Albert, and justified his character to the world; and, finally, he had resolved to implore the prayers of myself, and the venerable fathers of this house, to make him worthy of becoming one of our holy order; that if he lived, he might be useful, or if he died he might be happy."

The prior then concluded this interesting narative, by saying that Albert and Matilda were united, and are still blessed in each other's virtues, improved by difficulties thus surmounted; that Theresa had too far profaned the laws of Heaven to have any confidence in religion, and died by her own hands; but that Conrad recovered slowly from his wound, and after living many years an honor to the order he professed, he died in peace: the faithful dog (he said) was the favourite companion of Albert and Matilda, who begged him from the convent, and encouraged him to pursue his task of discovering travellers who had lost their way, but whom he now brought to the hospitable mansion of this virtuous pair.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

EVELINA.

A FRAGMENT.

FAIR is thy form, my Evelina, purer than the snows on the tops of the mountains, the downy fleeces of my flocks are divested of all their whiteness when thou approachest.

Thou art blooming, my Evelina, as roses washed in the soft dews of the morning, and sweeter than the eglantine that adorns thy native valley; yet time will wither thy bloom, it will fade and disappear like the bloom of the roses, but in thy mind will remain a sweetness, far surpassing that of the eglantine that grows and blossoms in thy native valley.

Give ear, then, oh purest of maidens! give ear unto the voice of thy Lover, let thine heart plead for him, let the harmony that dwelleth on thy tongue, speak happiness unto his soul; yes, my Evelina, whilst the brilliancy of thy beauty shall last, whilst thy youthful heart beats with exultation, listen unto the voice of thy Lover, resign unto him thy blooming youth, and he will bless, and he will protect thee; yes, he will love and bless thee when the bloom of thy youth shall have vanished from his eye, he will love thee for the virtue thou hast treasured up, and enshrined in thy heart.

Then hear him, oh! Evelina, if thou regardest his peace, refuse not to hear him, if his form please thine eye, if thine ear approveth his understanding, let thine heart plead for him, gratify not thy vanity at the expence of his happiness, trifle not with a passion that swayeth o'er his soul.

Though thy admirers are numerous, my Evelina, more numerous than the shrubs that blossom in thy native vale, yet when the blooming charms that attract the flatterers shall pass away, they also will vanish, and disappear, swift as an April mist at the approach of Phœbus. Then trust them not, oh nymph of my soul! regard not the flattery they pour into thine ear, believe not the silvery sentences that fall from their tongues, they are not genuine, they have been breathed into the ear of thousands. Listen then unto the voice of thy Lover, whose soul is superior to flattery, whose love and truth are founded on the virtues that inhabit thy bosom, on the refinement that adds lustre to thine understanding. Then hear him, oh! Evelina, let thy love, let thine heart plead for him, let thine own happiness plead for the happiness of thy

ALMANZOR.

Washington City, Sept. 1807.

ON RIVALRY.

THOSE who think that Rivalry is a source of hatred and quarrels among men, will find themselves undeceived, when they judge of things not according to the first appearance they assume, but to the state in which we behold them, when experience has torn off the veil which concealed truth from our eyes. It will then be seen, on the contrary, at least in many cases, to join two persons together in the bonds of friendship: for what is required to render friendship more sincere and more lasting, but a similarity of tastes and inclinations. And whatever be the end to which we bend our exertions, whether it be the possession of a fine woman, the acquirement of a talent and science, or of a lucrative employment, still having

constantly the same object in view, holding it in the same estimation, feeling the same wish of succeeding in its attainment, and probably following the same path towards it, will necessarily lead them to a close resemblance of each other, and pave the way for their future intimacy. They must incessantly meet together, and provided their temper be not unamiable, jealousy will not be powerful enough to blind them to the consciousness of their respective merit, and to blast effectually every seed of justice in their hearts, as to render them unable to acknowledge it. The longing they feel of excelling each other, induces them to pry more minutely into every quality or perfection they possess, and therefore they descry the most hidden virtues of their souls, which are not perhaps equally apparent to those who have not the same interest in watching them. As they pursue the same course, the same ideas must start up in their minds, their conversation proves equally useful to both, and the emulation which impels them to display all their faculties, causes them to shine with brighter lustre in the eyes of the world. It may be said on the other side, that Rivalry has directed the hand of the first murderer, that Cain and Abel, Eteocles, and Polynice, were, by her inspiration, taught to revel in the blood of their adversaries, but these characters had received from nature more violent passions, than those which agitate the breasts of our modern *beaux*, and the manners of the times in which their crimes were perpetrated, were not calculated to teach them lessons of humanity.

Lucretia reigns like a sovereign over the hearts of those who surround her; numberless subjects await her nod, and try to gratify all her wishes as soon as they are made known, they are even able to guess them. The direction of her affairs never was so wisely and so securely placed, as in the hands of her admirers; they are the most disinterested lawyers and agents that ever have been met with, for the only reward they demand for their trouble, is a look, or permission of continuing their exertions. They seem to be a family of brothers instead of rivals, and the cause of their union is the belief that none is more successful than the rest.

Lucretia displays all her art, in order not to dispel this pleasing illusion, and success has constantly attended her line of conduct. Every one longs to divine her least important wishes, and to acquire a higher title to her favour, by hastening to fulfil them. She has made a particular study of their tempers, and according to the result of her observations, classifies them, so as to lay open before them the career in which their talents are most calculated to shine: thus the company she receives is like an instrument, the keys of which she knows how to strike harmoniously. Far from imitating the coquettes, who think it an honour to be the cause of quarrels, she employs all her influence in preserving peace and order among her suitors; and, like the sun, which keeps in equipoise the world that rolls around it, she is the centre of attraction, around which all the *beaux* are equally drawn, and move in regular orbits. If one be absent from her, and meet with his rival, he will feel no sentiment of jealousy, but gladness, at being able to converse on the same subject with a person who is as deeply interested in her welfare as himself.

Rivalry, in what regards the powers of the mind, is not always a source of mutual aversion; two rival authors are in general desirous of pleasing each other, when in company together, by yielding up voluntarily the palm of talent, in order to shew themselves more worthy of it; and as though they did not acknowledge their respective merit in public, they feel it, when in solitude they see truth naked; the hope of profiting by each other's conversation, is another motive for their becoming closely acquainted.

In a word, it is generally among the fair sex that Rivalry is never forgotten or forgiven.

THE ADVANTAGE OF MEDIOCRITY.

An Eastern Tale.

When the plains of India were burnt up with a long continuation of drought, Hamet and Raschid, two neighbouring shepherds, faint with thirst, stood at the common boundary of their grounds, with their flocks and herds panting around them, and in extremity of distress, praying for water. On a sudden, the air was becalmed, the birds ceased to chirp, and the flocks to bleat. They turned their eyes every where, and saw a Being of mighty stature advancing through the valley, whom they knew upon his nearer approach, to be the genius of Distribution. In one hand he held the sheaves of Plenty, and in the other the sabre of Destruction. The shepherds stood trembling, and would have retired before him; but he called to them with a voice, gentle as the breeze that plays in the evening among the spices of Sabæ: "Fly not from your benefactor, children of the dust! I am come to offer you gifts, which only your own folly can make vain. You here pray for water, and water I will bestow; let me know with how much you will be satisfied; speak not rashly; consider, that of whatever can be enjoyed by the body, excess is no less dangerous than scarcity. When you remember the pain of thirst, do not forget the danger of suffocation. Now, Hamet, tell me your request."

"O Being, kind and beneficent, (says Hamet) let thine eye pardon my confusion. I entreat a little brook, which in Summer shall never be dry, and in winter never overflow." 'It is granted,' replied the Genius; and immediately he opened the ground with his sabre, and a fountain bubbling under their feet, scattered its rills over the meadows; the flowers renewed their fragrance, the trees spread a

greener foilage, and the flocks and herd quenched their thirst.

Then turning to Raschid, the Genius invited him likewise to offer his petition. 'I request (says Raschid, that thou wilt turn the Ganges through my ground, with all their waters, and all their inhabitants." Hamet was struck with the greatness of his neighbour's sentiments, and secretly repined in his heart, that he had not made the same petition before him; when the genius spoke: 'Rash man, be not insatiable! remember, that to thee is nothing which thou canst not use; and how are thy wants greater than the wants of Hamet?'—Raschid regretted not his desire, and pleased himself with the mean appearance that Hamet made in the presence of the proprietor of the Ganges.

The Genius then retired towards the river, and the two shepherds stood waiting the event.

As Raschid was looking with contempt upon his neighbour, on a sudden was heard the roar of torrents, and they found by the mighty streams, that the mounds of the Ganges were broken. The flood rolled forward into the lands of Raschid, his plantations were tore up, his flocks overwhelmed, he was swept away before it, and a crocodile devoured him.

Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

MATRIMONY REVERSED.

An account of

METELIN, THE ANCIENT LESBOS.

By the Earl of Charlemont.

THE women here seem to have arrogated to themselves the department and privileges of the men. Contrary to the usage of all other countries, the eldest daugher here inherits, and the sons, like daughters every where else, are portioned off with small dowers, or, which is still worse, turned out, pennyless, to seek their fortunes.

If a man has two daughters, the eldest, at her marriage, is entitled to all her mother's possessions, which are by far the greater part of the family estate, as the mother, keeping up her prerogative, never parts with the power over any portion of what she has brought into the family, until she is forced into it by the marriage of her daughter; and the father also is compelled to ruin himself, by adding whatever he may have scraped together by his industry.

The second daughter inherits nothing, and is condemned to perpetual celibacy. She is stiled a Calogria, which signifies properly a religious woman, or nun, and is, in effect, menial servant to her sister, being employed by her in any office she may think fit to impose, frequently serving her as waiting-maid, as cook, and often in employments still more degrading. She wears a habit peculiar to her situation, which she can never change; a sort of monastic dress, coarse, and of dark brown. One advantage, however, she enjoys over her sister, that whereas the elder, before her marriage, is never allowed to go abroad, or to see any man, her nearest relation only excepted; the Calogria, except when employed in domestic toil, is in this respect at perfect liberty. But when the sister is married, the situation of the poor Calogria becomes desperate indeed, and is rendered still more humiliating by the comparison between her condition and that of her happy mistress.

The married sister enjoys every sort of liberty—the whole family fortune is her's, and she spends it as she pleases; her husband is her obsequious servant; her father and mother are dependent upon her; she dresses in the most magnificent manner, covered all over, according to the fashion of the island, with pearls, and with pieces of gold, which are commonly sequins; thus continually carrying about her the enviable marks of affluence and superiority; while the wretched Calogria follows her as a servant, arrayed in simple homespun brown, and without the most distant hope of ever changeing her condition.

Such a disparity may seem intolerable; but what will not custom reconcile? Neither are the misfortunes of the family yet at an end—the father and mother, with what little is left them, contrive by their industry to accumulate a second little fortune, and this, if they should have a third daughter, they are obliged to give to her upon her marriage, and the fourth, if there should be one, becomes her Calogria; and so on, through all the daughters alternately.

Whenever the daughter is marriageable, she can by custom compel the father to procure her a husband; and the mother, such is the power of habit, is foolish enough to join in teazing him into an immediate compliance, though its consequences must be equally fatal and ruinous to both of them. From hence it happens, that nothing is more common than to see the old father and mother reduced to the utmost indigence, and even begging about the streets, while their unnatural daughters are in affluence; and we ourselves, have frequently been shewn the eldest daughter parading it through the town in the greatest splendour, while her mother and sister followed her as servants, and made a melancholy part of her attendant train.

The sons, as soon as they are of an age to gain a livelihood, are turned out of the family, sometimes with a small present or portion, but more frequently without any thing to support them; and thus reduced, they either endeavour to live by their labour, or, which is more usual, go on board some trading vessel as sailors or as servants, remaining abroad till they have got together some competency, and then return home to marry, and to be hen-pecked. Some few there are, who, taking advantage of the Turkish law, break through this whimsical

custom, who marry their Calogrias, and retain to themselves a competent provision; but these are accounted men of a singular and even criminal disposition, and are hated and despised as conformists to the Turkish manners, and deserters of their native customs; so that we may suppose there are but few indeed, who have the boldness to depart from the manners of their country, to adopt the customs of their detested masters, and to brave the contempt, the derision, and the hatred of their neighbours and fellow-citizens.

Of all these extraordinary particulars, I was informed by the French Consul, a man of sense and of indisputable veracity, who had resided in this island for several years, and who solemnly assured me that every circumstance was true; but, indeed, our own observation left us without the least room to doubt, and the singular appearance and deportment of the ladies, fully evinced the truth of our friend's relation. In walking through the town, it is easy to perceive, from the whimsical manners of the female passengers, that the women, according to the vulgar way of speaking, wear the breeches. They frequently stopped us in the streets, examined our dress, interrogated us with a bold and manly air, laughed at our foreign garb and appearance, and shewed as little attention to that decent modesty which is, or ought to be, the true characteristic of the sex, that there is every reason to suppose they would, in spite of their haughtiness, be the kindest ladies upon earth, if they were not strictly watched by the Turks, who are here very numerous, and would be ready to punish any transgression of their ungallant laws with arbitrary fines. But nature, and native manners will often baffle the efforts even of tyranny.

In all their customs, these manly ladies seem to have changed sexes with the men.—The woman rides astride—the man sits sideways upon the horse. Nay, I have even been assured that the husband's distinguished appellation is his wife's family name. The women have town and country houses, in the management of which the husband does not interfere. Their gardens, their servants, are all their own: and the husband, from every circumstance of his behaviour, appears to be no other than his wife's first domestic, perpetually bound to her service, and slave to her caprice. Hence it is that a tradition obtains in the country, that this island was formerly inhabited by Amazons, a tradition, however, founded upon no ancient history that I know of. Sappho, indeed, the most renowned female that this island has ever produced, is said to have had manly inclinations, in which, as Lucian informs us, she did but conform with the singular manners of her country-women; but I do not find that the mode in which she chose to shew these inclinations, is imitated by the present female inhabitants, who seem perfectly content with the dear prerogative of absolute sway, without endeavouring in any other particular to change the course of nature; yet will this circumstance serve to shew that the women of Lesbos had always something peculiar, and even peculiarly masculine, in their manners and propensities. But be this as it may, it is certain that no country whatsoever can afford a more perfect idea of an Amazonian commonwealth, or better serve to render probable those ancient relations which our manners would induce us to esteem incredible, than this island of Metelin.

To the Editor of the Lady's Miscellany.

Sir,

You will oblige me by inserting in your entertaining Miscellany, the following humourous letter, from an honest Hibernian to his landlord; who, being a gay young man, was, of course inattentive to the welfare of his tenant.

OBSERVATOR.

"May it please your Honour's honour—I am a poor Irish bog-trotter, dwelling in the county of Roscommon, with a sick wife and a parcel o' hungry childre, and not one little potatoe to put in their mouths at all at all. Here we all be, plase your honour, in a dirty, wet cabin, wife, childer, pig, and my own self, as the Devil found sixpence, all in a lump. Sir Murtogh, his honour, is always a big way off, and his honour's man* won't grant me a lease, and he is after raising the rent, though he knows I can't pay it, and we must all be turned out when he plases. My own brother, by St. Patrick, he was more lucky; he *did* get a lease, but the cratur must out wi' his house and his own self when his honour's man plased, and so becase he forgot one day to send duty ducks†, and by mistake ate them his own self, Sir Murtogh sent for the cratur, when he was after thatching his hut a bit, and so, plase your honour's honour, the rain fell in, and the childer died. 'Bad luck to you, Sir Murtogh,' says he,—'You may dig your 'tatoes yourself, you dirty spalpeen! It's better to be kilt, than to be starved; I'll be after both'ring your gig.' And so he went off to the White Boys.‡ But poor Teddy was caught, and they made him dance upon nothing§ for being a rebel.

"And some of their honours in England be after giving big heaps o' money to them foreign folk; but we Irish lads are not thought of at all at all. We ha' pigs—but his honour's man takes 'em for rent; we ha' cows—but his honour's man milks 'em; and we ha' duck—but his honour's man keeps 'em for duty. And will not your honour's honour be after saying, that the poor bogtrotters of the county of Roscommon must ate as well as their honours. And if they'll be plased to think of us the next time, we'll

---

* In many parts of Ireland, the steward's, in their master's absence, rule with unlimited authority.

† A sort of tithe, which in many instances is highly oppressive.

‡ A gang, that some time since raised great disturbances in the interior of Ireland.

§ Hanging him, literally.

not be after going off to the French, when they come here again; but, 'with a sprig of shelalah, and shamrock go green,' we'll give them a *bateing*, till they jump down their own throats, and plague us no more.—Your humble servant, as in duty bound,

"BARNEY O'BOTHERHAM."

****

To the Editor of the Lady's Miscellany.

SIR,

MATRIMONY, like every other situation in life, has its disquietudes. Even the fondest couple, those I mean whose esteem for each other is founded on the virtues and endowments of the mind, will sometimes fall into trifling bickerings, and oftentimes about trifles.—I went the other day with a friend to take a family dinner, with a good natured sort of man; one who loves the comforts of life, and if he can enjoy the present moment never thinks of the next. We were conducted into a room, where we found a table ready furnished with wholesome viands, and several bottles of excellent wine.—But this sunshine was for a moment overcast by an envious cloud, that as I before observed, will sometimes darken the matrimonial sky. The husband soon after entered, when the following dialogue commenced:—

Husband. Woman—ay!

Wife. You are always railing at our sex.

Husband. And without reason?

Wife. Without either rhyme or reason; you'd be miserable beings without us, for all that.

Husband. Sometimes: there is no general rule without an exception; I could name some very good women.——

Wife. Without a head, I suppose?

Husband. With a head, and with a heart too.

Wife. That's a wonder!

Husband. It would be still greater, if I could not; for instance, there is Mrs. Dawson, the best of wives; always at home whenever you call; always in good humour; alwas neat and clean, sober and discreet.

Wife. I wish you were tied to her. Always at home! the greatest gossipper in the town; she may well smile, she has nothing to ruffle her temper; neat and clean, she has nothing else to do; sober, she can take a glass as well as her neighbours; discreet, that's another word, she can tip a wink—but I detest scandal; I am surprised you didn't say she was handsome?

Husband. So she is, in my eye.

Wife. You have a fine eye, to be sure; you're an excellent judge of beauty: what do you think of her nose?

Husband. She's a fine woman, *in spite of her nose.*

Wife. Fine feathers make fine birds. she can paint her withered cheeks, and pencil her eyebrows.

Husband. You can do the same, if you please.

Wife. My cheeks don't want paint, nor my eyebrows pencilling.

Husband. True, the rose of youth and beauty is still on your cheeks, and your brow is the bow of Cupid.

Wife. You once thought so; but that moving mummy, Molly Dawson, is your favourite. She's, let me see, no gossip, and yet she's found in every house but her own; and so silent too, when she has all the clack to herself; her tongue is as thin as sixpence with talking; with a pair of eyes burned into the socket, and painted pannels into the bargain; and then, as to scandal—but her tongue bears no scandal.

Husband You seem to be getting into a passion.

Wife. Is it any wonder? you ought to be tossed into a blanket. Handsome! I can't forget that word: charms are lost upon such a tasteless fellow as you.

Husband. The charms of your tongue:

Wife. Don't provoke me, or I'll fling this dish at your head.

Husband. Well, I have done.

Wife. But I havn't done; I wish I had drowned myself, the first day I saw you.

Husband. It's not too late.

Wife. I'd see you hung first.

Husband. You'd be the first to cut me down.

Wife. Then I ought to be tied up in your stead.

Husband. I'd cut *you* down.

Wife. You would?

Husband. Yes, but I'd be sure you were *dead* first.

Wife. I cannot bear this any longer.

Husband. Then it's time for me to withdraw: I see by your eyes that the storm is collecting.

Wife. And it shall burst on your head.

Husband. I'll save my poor head, if I can. A good retreat is better than a bad battle. *(Husband flies, the dish flies after him.)*

ABEL.

DUELLING.—A FRAGMENT.

"WHAT must a man do that is insulted?" vociferated Frothly, who was upholding the fashion of Duelling. "Do!" quoth the corporal, 'do as reason dictates; if insulted by an inferior, pity him; if by a superior despise him.' 'I would fight him,' said Frothly, 'And die!' interrogated the corporal. 'He or I should die,' replied Frothly. 'You would die like a fool,' rejoined the corporal. Anger

kindled a fire in the countenance of Frothly. 'Perhaps you mean to insult me,' said he, assuming an erect posture, and looking fiercely at the corporal.—'And if I did, what would you do?' asked the corporal. 'Fight you,' replied Frothly, casting a scrutinizing eye at the corporal, to observe whether he was intimidated.—The corporal remained calm. 'As war's my trade,' said he, 'I have no objections to exchange a shot.' 'Done! where shall we meet? I will blow you to eternity in a crack.' 'We have met already,' rejoined the corporal, deliberately bringing a brace of pistols from the closet—'there is a pair of killing little devils,' added he, placing them upon the table, 'Come, are you ready?' The colour fled from the face of Frothly—'We—we—we will meet in the morning,' said Frothly. "We will meet this instant," quoth the corporal, with firmness. Frothly attempted to reply; but his voice faultered. The corporal had too much goodness of heart, to carry the joke any farther; and, therefore, after extorting a promise of better conduct from Frothly, he bid him depart.

DISEASE.

It may be said that disease generally begins that equality which death completes. The distinctions which set one man so far above another, are very little perceived in the gloom of a sick chamber; where it will be in vain to expect entertainment from the gay, or instruction from the wise, where all human glory is obliterated: the wit is clouded, the reasoner perplexed, and the hero subdued; where the highest and brightest of mortals find nothing left but consciousness of innocence.

LEVITY.

THE BLACK EWE.

A True Tale.

Some time ago, as a gentleman was passing over one of the extensive downs in the west of England, about mid-day, where a large flock of sheep were feeding, and observing the shepherd sitting by the road side, preparing to eat his dinner, he stopped his horse, and entered into conversation with him to this effect:—'Well, Shepherd, you look cheerful and contented, and I dare say, have very few cares to vex you. I, who am a man of pretty large property, cannot but look at such men as you with a kind of envy.' 'Why, Sir,' replied the Shepherd, 'tis true I have not troubles like yours; and I could do well enough, was it not for that black ewe that you see yonder, amongst my flock. I have often begged my master to kill or sell her; but he won't, tho' she is the plague of my life; for no sooner do I sit down to look at my book, or take up my wallet to get my dinner, but away she sets off over the down, and the rest follow her; so that I have many a weary step after them. There! you see she's off, and they are all after her!'—'Ah, friend,' said the gentleman to the shepherd, before he started, 'I [illegible] every man has a black ewe in his flock to plague him, as well as you!'—The reader can make the application.

CALEB QUOT'EM ECLIPSED.

There is is a resident in a sea-port in South Wales, who 'deserves well of his country,' inasmuch as he actually performs the various duties of the following *thirteen* offices, with great regularity, and to the satisfaction of all who have occasion to transact business with him. *Imprimis*, he is clerk to the Collector of the Customs; ditto of the Excise; ditto to the Magistrates of the district.—In addition to these, he is parish-clerk for the English service; ditto for the Welsh service. He is likewise clerk to the coach-office; ditto for the packets. He also keeps a lodging-house, is a notary public, an auctioneer, collector of the king's taxes, ditto of the parocial taxes, and sexton!!!—Caleb was only *quot'em*—this multifarious being is *factotum*.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER, 19TH.

☞ We feel ourselves at a loss how to address some of our friends in towns and villages where we are without agents to receive our dues. The terms on which this paper is published usually accompany it; the subscribers therefore, must necessarily be acquainted with our *expectations*; and we assure them, that at this time every trifle would not only be acceptable, but beneficial to us.

It is our intention to commence the sixth volume on a beautiful and *entirely new* type; to be published weekly in sixteen pages 8vo. and without advertisements. This measure will, no doubt, prove acceptable. The work shall be printed on as good paper as can possibly be afforded; and will of course be comprised in two volumes of 416 pages each, and afforded at the trifling sum of two dollars per annum.

It is our sincere wish to retain the patronage of every person whose name is on our list; and orders to that effect, expressive of a compliance with our terms of subscription, will meet with due attention; but we cannot consent to forward any papers after the 25th of October next, to any individual who thinks us unworthy his regard *in this particular*.

Every attention shall be paid to procure the most distinguished publications of the times, both English and American, for the purpose of making such selections as may have a tendency to amuse the leisure hour. Our correspondents, to whom we are already under many obligations, will, we hope, still continue their aid, and others be induced to lend their friendly assistance. We trust, however, that independent of such considerations, our friends will bear us in mind, and needed only to be told that such and such were our hopes from them.

Mr. M. Ward, at 149 Pearl-street, has obligingly offered to receive any monies which may be tendered him on account of this establishment, till November next, and will give receipts therefor. Each amount through the medium of the mail, post paid, will be duly accredited.

EDITOR.

"E's." poetry shall be attended to next week.

Matilda, to a lady, in our next number.

The City Inspector reports the death of 51 persons, during the week, ending on Saturday last.

MARRIED,

On Monday evening, by the rev. Mr. Wilkins, Mr. Garret Storm, merchant, to Mrs. Susan Murgatroyd.

At Elizabethtown, last week, by the rev. I. M'Dowall, Mr. Charles A. Howard, to Mrs. Maria Winnans, both of this city.

DIED.

On Tuesday last, Mrs. Ann Livingston, wife of the Hon. Brockholst Livingston, in the 32d year of her age.

On Saturday last, after a short, but severe illness, Mrs. Sarah Ostrander, wife of Dr. Ezekiel Ostrander, of this city, aged 23.

On Monday morning, of a consumption, Wm. Dole Fraser, aged 20.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

ON VIRTUE.

Of VIRTUE who can estimate the worth ?
Her obligation time can ne'er unhinge ;
Nor creature *will*, nor fancy gave her birth,—
Reality, incapable of change.

No local spot her ample range can bound,
Nor waste of years her race shall terminate ;
Sprung from the unbegun abyss profound,
She rivals heaven for limits and for date.

The deep sunk base of honour and renown,
The source of beauty and the guide to power,
That points ambition to the happier crown,
With crimes unsullied, and unstain'd with gore.

The friend of man in every age and clime,
In every stage of life, and every state,
In youth, in age, in manhood's vig'rous prime,
To rich and poor, the baseborn and the great.

Wit, learning, beauty, each ennobling art,
Shall like a dream, or airy phantom, fly ;
But virtue twisted round the human heart,
Soars with the soul to immortality.

Who then for wisdom wish to be renown'd,
Let them of virtue make an early choice ;
Earth's glories fly, when sought for are not found,
This, fate nor foe, nor death itself, destroys.

Remember this, in youth and riper years,
There's nought on earth of such exalted price,
Virtue in rags, in poverty, in tears,
In worth down-weighs enthron'd and sceptre'd vice.

Secure this noble, this enriching prize,
Regardless what the crowning purchase cost ;
But if through folly you her worth despise,
Remember this, your happiness is lost.

SMITH.

New York, Sept. 15, 1807.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

STANZAS.

THE heart that so long sigh'd so fondly for thee,
Is fluttering no longer, but tranquil and free ;
I can gaze on that form that I us'd to adore,
With a careless indifference I ne'er felt before ;
Yes, yes, to the soft, to the magical spell
Of love, I have now bid for ever farewell ;
For never, alas ! can another excite
In my bosom, such sweet unaffected delight.
And passion has fled, and quite tranquil and free
Is the heart that so long sigh'd so fondly for thee.

Yet I cannot forget what soft joys 'twould impart,
For still the remembrance is dear to my heart,
When at evening to walk my companion you've been,
Whilst the rays of bright Cynthia illumin'd the scene ;
And ah, if my hand you've unconsciously prest,
'Twould fill with a pleasure extatic, my breast ;
But I now all the charms of the walk can withstand,
And insensate's my heart to the press of thy hand.
Thus passion has fled and quite tranquil and free
Is the heart that so long sigh'd so fondly for thee.

Yet long will it be e'er I love one so true,
So ardent, so dearly, as once I lov'd you ;
When a word or a glance my fond bosom could warm,
E'en your faults I confess had the power to charm ;
But the pleasing illusion shall never again,
In my bosom excite either pleasure or pain.
Thus the love that for months and for years was my theme,
Has vanish'd, has faded, has fled like a dream.
Yes, passion has fled, and quite tranquil and free
Is the heart that so long sigh'd so fondly for thee.

JANE C**K**G.

Washington City, Sept. 1807.

WHAT IS LOVE ?

LIKE as the virgin blush of morn,*
Or as the dew drop on the thorn,
Or as the primrose on the plain,
Or as the thoughts of former pleasure,
Even such is Love's uncertain treasure.
The virgin blush of morn is o'er,
The dew consumes the thorns no more.
The music's ceas'd, the primrose dies,
The pleasure's past,—and so love flies.

Like as the gaudy painted dream,
Or as the sunshine's golden beam,
Or as the tolling of a bell,
Or as the pansy's fragrant smell,
Or as the torch's glaring blaze,
Even such is Love, whose charm decays.
The dream is past, the sunshine's fled,
The bell is stopp'd, the pansy's dead,
The smell is lost, the torch's blaze
Is out—and so Love's flame decays.

* This species of stanza was first used by Smyth, in his beautiful and affecting Poem on Life, written in 1612.

The editor of the Lady's Miscellany.

Sir,—Be so obliging as to give the following beautiful and tender sentiments, a place in your paper of the ensuing week, and you will much oblige your humble servant. ELIZA.

Beekman-street, Saturday, Sep. 12th.

TO HENRY.

AND would'st thou with insidious art
My darling friend destroy,
And rob her unsuspecting heart
Of all its little joy.

A hapless orphan maid is she,
Just caught in love's sweet thrall,
And fondly thinks she views in thee
Her father, mother, all.

No, Henry, scorn the coward aim,
'Tis fraught with dire disgrace ;
Ah, who could seek to brand with shame
My Mary's lovely face.

A holier flame should fire thy breast,
And purer wishes move,
When she prefers thee to the rest
—Who best deserves thy love.

WHO partakes in another's joys is a more humane character than he who partakes in his griefs.

TERMS OF THE LADY'S MISCELLANY.

To city subscribers two dollars per annum, payable half yearly. No subscription received for a less term than one year.

To those who receive them by mail, two dollars, payable in advance.

PUBLISHED BY JOHN CLOUGH, NO. 2, HUBBART-STREET.